

The Grix and the Wew.

A Christmas Adventure Of Larry O'Six.

By Willis B. Hawkins.

(From the author's manuscript.)

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It was the morning of Christmas when Larry O'Six
Fell in and fell out with the Wew and the Grix,
And as I wasn't there, I am free from all trace
Of knowledge concerning the facts of the case.
So I venture to say that nobody will doubt
My fitness to tell how it all came about.

The mysterious tree which had grown without root
Had been plucked of the most of its marvelous fruit;
The gay-colored candles had burned themselves out,
And toys by the dozen lay scattered about,
When Larry sailed on a limb overhead
Which looked like a snowball hung up by a thread.

Now, Larry had often played ball within doors,
Surrounded by walls and by ceilings and floors,
But he never had tried it in free open air,
Lest his ball might be lost if he threw it out there;
For, of course, if not stopped by a ceiling or wall,
It would simply go on, never stopping at all.

But here was a different matter, you see:
"What odds if I should lose a snowball?" said he,
So he took it outdoors and with all of his might
He slung it and — went on a wonderful flight,
As you'll readily see when the fact is disclosed
That it wasn't a snowball as he had supposed,
But was made of molasses and popcorn, and so
It stuck to his hand when he gave it a throw;
And he threw it so hard it had nothing to do
But spin into space and take him along, too.

If you think he was frightened at finding his fix
You are not well acquainted with Larry O'Six:
He is fond of adventure, and this was the kind
He often had taken before — in his mind.
So he settled himself for a jolly good trip
And, a little too slaugily said: "Let 'er rip."

He was carried away over houses and trees;
He was whirled over mountains and valleys and seas,
While the people who saw him go skurrying by
Supposed a new comet had come to the sky.
And they watched him and wondered and reckoned and guessed
Till he set, like the sun, at the end of the week.

Soon he came to the place where the stars go to stay
When the sun is too bright for their eyes through the day.

So sadly brief
The anguish of the fearful,
Profoundest grief
Soon finds, alas, relief
And we, poor souls, are cheerful.

How much always
To dwell in ceaseless sorrow!
Yet, ah, who may?
The sadness in our hearts today
Is gone, alas, tomorrow.

And so we go,
Nor gain the priceless treasure,
Since none may know
The joy of never-ending woe,
The misery of pleasure

The sorrowful song of the Wumpsoo reversed
The effect of the one he had listened to first,
So that Larry, depressed by the ohs and the ahs,
Drooped down to the place where he formerly was.
And the Wew, with a flourish, remarked to the Grix:
"Allow me to introduce Larry O'Six."

Now, the Grix and the Wew are a wonderful pair.
They are made of material lighter than air —
'Tis the same sort of stuff as remains unspiced
When the rim of a big letter O is erased —
So, you see, they can fly without ever a wing,
Though, of course, that is not such a wonderful thing,
For a sunbeam can do it and so can a cloud,
And a thistle-down even, it must be allowed,
Not to mention the flight of the green from the trees;
But the Wew and the Grix can do more than all these.
For they've only to think they are absent, and, lo!
They are gone and away without having to go.
That is why, should you happen to see anywhere
A Wew and a Grix, you may know they're not there;
So they're even more marvelous, you must agree,
Than the will-o-the-wisp or the Irishman's flea.

"If you like," said the Wew, "we will show you around."
So Larry set out with the friends he had found,
And they soon introduced him to several stars,
Such as Admiral Neptune and General Mars
And Saturn, who wears the real chauffeur's belt,
And Venus, the flirt, and O'Regan, the Celt,
Who spells it "Orion," the conical rogue,
But reveals his descent by his wit and his brogue,
For he jokes the whole day, though 'tis known that the night
Is the time when a star is most apt to be bright.

Then, as somebody said 'twas along about noon,
They all went to lunch with the moon in the moon.

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THE BIG WIND.

Continued from page 10.

other assault smashed a panel in the door
and the goat's head came through. A
roar of laughter saluted him and confidence
was again restored.

"He was lonely out there in the cold,"
said Mr. Madden sympathetically, as he
pulled the goat's head out of the hole.
"Come inside, Billy."

The goat accepted the invitation and
lying down on the hearthstone began
complacently to chew on Mrs. Malone's
dress.

"You were speakin about the big wind
in Ireland, Mrs. Malone," said Madden
encouragingly. "How long ago was that,
now?"

"'Twas 62 year ago tonight, jist, and I
remember the same as if 'twas yester-
day."

"How old are you, granny?" asked
Grady, the doubter.

"I'm 63 last May, and every tooth in
me head."

"You have a good memory," said
Grady.

"Sure I have a better memory ner
you have manners, you seat, you," re-
plied Mrs. Malone angrily.

"Don't mind him, granny," said O'Con-
nor soothingly. "That must be a terri-
ble wind entirely you were talkin about."

"Indeed thin it was," resumed the story
teller. "There never was such a wind in
the world."

"Did it do much harrum?" eagerly
queried Moriarty.

"Harrum, man! Well, I'll tell you.
My poor old father was comin home wid
a jug of whisky to make Christmas
punch, when the wind catch him as he
was comin around the corner and druv
every sup of the liquor out of the jug
into—"

"Your father?" asked Grady, with a
grin.

"Now, see here, Grady," said Mrs.
Malone, "I'll not be ballyragged by you
any more, wid your goat whiskers and
pig eyes, bad seran to you. Now, you
tell the story. Mebbe you know what
the wind done to the drake."

"It didn't blow the toe nails off him,
did it?" asked Grady innocently.

"No," said Mrs. Malone satirically,
"but it blew every blessed feather off
the poor baste as clean as if he was



MRS. MALONE AND ELLEN RILEY WERE DANCING.

plucked, sorry be, and he came waddlin
in the door, smooth shaven as a monk
and sat down on the hearthstone to
warrum on hisself widout sayin as much
as "Merry Christmas."

"And 'ell he might, bein undressed,
the poor cratur," said O'Connor, sym-
pathetic ally.

"SICHTen he had himself warrumed
up."

TITUSVILLE,
Office at Mrs. J. D. Crabb's.

to his likin I suppose he flew in the boiler
pot and cooked himself for the Christmas
dinner," observed Grady, adding as an
afterthought, "or baked himself in the
ashes."

"And quacked himself to death sayin
"Roast duck! Roast duck!" why don't
you say?" added Mrs. Malone, while the
company burst into a chorus of laughter,
which was drowned by the angry blast
sweeping down the chimney with cy-
clonic force, and the cottage shook like
a lighthouse in a tornado.

"But, whisper, childer," resumed the
story teller as the gale went shrieking
away over the meadow. "Whisper, till
I tell you what happened the praties.
They were bubblin in the pot when the
wind came down the chimney and blew
them, wather and all, out upon the
flure and skinned the jackets off them
as clean as you'd do it wid a knife and
fork. 'Twas terrible to see the skins
flyin around the ceilin like bats in July
and the praties doin a jig on the flure."

"You had a fine chance to be playin
goluf wid the poker, thin, Mrs. Ma-
lone," said the irrepressible Grady.

"If I had your wit and your galways,
Grady, I'd sell them both for a button
to fasten me lip. An ass always brays
the loudest when he is empty. Is it hun-
gry you are?"

"I'm starvin for nollidge, ma'am, Sure
I didn't mean to hurt your feelin's, Mrs.
Malone. To listen to you is a liberal
historical eddieshun, so it is. But I'm cu-
rious to know did the big wind blow the
varnish off the clock?"

"No, it did not, for the rayson that it
had no fair chance at the clock, becase it
was inside the house. But I'm free to
tell you that it blew all the paint off the
fence and the barn, whether you believe
it or no, and Murp's pig was found in
the next county, forty miles away."

"Begorra, that's the first pig I ever
heard of that had wings," said Grady.

"I wish you wouldn't be interferin wid
my story."

TITUSVILLE,
Office at Mrs. J. D. Crabb's.

Mrs. Malone," said Madden to the doubt-



THE LITTLE COMPANY LISTENED WITH BOWED HEADS.

er. "'Tis Christmas, and the childer
must be amused. Now, keep a still
tongue between your teeth, Grady. Here,
Mrs. Malone, allanah, take another sup
of punch and thin go on wid your story.
We are all waitin to hear you. What
else did the pig do?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell you all of it if I
talked for a week," resumed the histo-
rian. "It blew all night, and in the morn-
in the straw in the barn was driven
through boards an inch thick. There
was so much of the wind that the donkey
swallowed a lot of it, swelled up and sail-
ed away like a balloon, and"—

Mrs. Malone's story was stopped by the
bell in St. Mary's steeple, indicating that
another Christmas had come. The storm
had passed away, and stars shone in the
vault of heaven as if presaging peace and
good will to men. The little company
listened with bowed heads to the clear
notes of the bell ringing down the valley
and dying away in falling cadences. The
silence was broken by Mrs. Malone, who
said:

"Grady, I hope before another Christ-
mas comes that you will not be so un-
lucky as our goat was on the night of the
big wind."

"He didn't begin to talk and tell the
truth, did he?" said Grady.

"Faith, he did not. Sure neither goats
nor Grady's ever did that. But we found
the goat in the mornin held up ag'in the
house by the wind till he froze to death,
and when the sun shone on his whiskers,
covered with icicles, he looked like a
shandelier in a ballroom. You had better
shave yourself, Grady!"

For Pneumonia.
Dr. C. J. Bishop, of Agnew, Mich.,
says: "I have used Foley's Honey and
Tar in three very severe cases of pneu-
monia the past month with good results."
Wilson & Son.

Fine writing is all very well to admire
in an advertisement, but does it set forth
the merits of the goods fully? That is
the point to consider.

For Hoarseness.
Benj. Ingerson, of Hutton, Ind., says
he had not spoken above a whisper for
months, and one bottle of Foley's Honey
and Tar restored his voice. It is used
very largely by speakers and singers.
Wilson & Son.

The best advertisement is not the one
which merely draws the attention, but
the one which draws the attention and
then says something of worth.

The White Man's Burden
is usually indigestion, which means no
appetite, sleeplessness, irritability, wear-
iness of body and brain. Dr. Loyal Ford's
Dyspepticide is a new and perfect cure.
It aids digestion, tones and regulates the
stomach. Wilson & Son.

There are in the country a certain num-
ber of papers whose circulation, prestige
and popularity are known. Use those
before you experiment.

Lost.
Many have lost confidence and hope
as well as health, because they have
been told their kidney disease was incur-
able. Foley's Kidney Cure is a guaran-
teed remedy for the discouraged and dis-
consolate. Wilson & Son.

How's This?
We offer one hundred dollars reward for
any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by
Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY, & Co., Props, Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J.
Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him
perfectly honorable in all business trans-
actions and financially able to carry out any
obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, wholesale druggists,
Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinman & Marvin,
wholesale druggists,
Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,
acting directly upon the blood and mucous
surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle.
Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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Bears the
Signature
of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
The Kind You Have Always Bought

GROCERIES.

Our Customers Will all Have a
Merry Christmas.
BECAUSE
We Place Them on the Top by Selling Them
at the Bottom.
CASH.
That Explains it, we Buy Closer and Sell
Lower, and Everybody Will Have a
Happy and Prosperous Year
if They Trade With
W. J. CRAYFORD,
TITUSVILLE, FLORIDA.

Grafted and Budded
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on 5 and 6 year old sour
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at \$35, \$40 and \$50 per 100.
Order satisfied and be-
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trees limited as above.
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It artificially digests the food and aids
Nature in strengthening and recon-
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can approach it in efficiency. It in-
stantly relieves and permanently cures
Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn,
Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea,
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Price 50c. and \$1. Large size contains 2 1/2 times
small size. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free.
Prepared by E. C. DeWITT & CO. Chicago.
Sold by B. R. Wilson & Son.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that on the 26th day
of April, 1901, or as soon thereafter as I can be
heard, I will apply to the county judge of
Brevard county for a final settlement of my
accounts and my discharge as administrator of
the estate of John Hetherington.
A. C. DITTMAR, Administrator.
Oct. 26, 1900

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given to all creditors that
six months from date I will present my final
accounts and apply to the Hon. D. L. Gaud-
den, county judge of Brevard county, Flori-
da, for my discharge as administrator of the
estate of Cornelia S. Bass, deceased, and as
guardian of Walter J. Bass.
THOS. C. BASS,
Administrator of C. S. Bass and
guardian of Walter J. Bass.
TITUSVILLE, FLA., November 16, 1900.